



Where you going to take that dog, my boy?
"I dunno. I want to find out just where the dog's goin' ter take me."

THE TECHNIQUE OF PROPOSING.

Young Kendall walked along the street rather less briskly than usual. His hopes were blighted forever. He had just asked a girl to marry him and had been rejected. She was a nice girl; he had known her for three years, and for two of them he had been in his subconsciousness, looking forward to this day—not this day as it had turned out, but as it ought to have turned out. When he came to Fifth Avenue he paused an instant, debating whether to go down to his club or up to the park. For some reason the club seemed to offer fewer attractions than usual, and he concluded to go up.

It was a perfect January day, clear

A GOOD REASON.



She—I understand that the sermon was liked so much that he will be asked to repeat it.
He—Yes, it was the shortest one on record.

and crisp. There were more carriages in the park than usual, and Kendall knew a good many of the occupants. As he recognized the various familiar faces under the nodding expanses of flowers and plumes, and raised his hat in acknowledgment of the different smiles of greeting directed his way, it occurred to him how self-possessed women always were; how self-possessed she was, back there in the parlor in Fifty-seventh street, while he was all flustered up in his rhetoric and oratory. He absentmindedly seated himself on one of the wooden benches provided for the delectation of weary pilgrims, and, regardless of park regulations, began to flip off with his cane the ends of some of the proscribed "twigs" near by; his face reddening again as he recalled her coolness and composure when he had intimated that her refusal struck the

lary coat with a turned-up collar, and a sailor hat that always had a jaunty look on her bright head. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" she inquired invitingly, gazing with interest at the passers-by. "Fine," assented Kendall with the enthusiasm of the menagerie polar bear in July. "Lots of people out," pursued the young lady cheerfully, tapping her small boots briskly on the pavement to keep up circulation. "No end," agreed Kendall, without manifesting a disproportionate degree of warmth on the subject. "You don't seem to be very jolly this afternoon. Has anything gone wrong?" was Miss Hope's next venture, as she turned square around and gave him the benefit of one of her level, direct glances. "That's the time you were mistaken."

VERY TIRESOME.



Claude—"Ben Bolt." Ah, that song always drives me away when I hear it.
Clara (choking)—I wish I could sing it for you.

sun from his heaven and made his future a blank. "It's delightful to sit down for a little and cool off, after walking in this sultry weather, don't you think?" said a fresh, cordial young voice at his elbow; and, turning, he became aware of the fact that Hope Brewster had taken the vacant place beside him, and was smiling across at him out of her frank, clear eyes; a disarming smile that he could not resent even in his present mood of cynical dejection. Hope was different from the other girls, more original, independent and individual. She had grown up with boys and could do all things they could. She did things now that a girl of a less secure social position could not have dared do; the "Miss Brewster" part of her name covered the multitude of little sins against the conventionalities which were committed by "Hope." She was a girl whom the young men all liked, but never made love to. She sat beside Kendall now as naturally and unconcernedly as if she had been a fellow member of one of his clubs. She wore a mil-

lady's companion, with some stiffness, "I was never in better spirits in my life." Hope smiled at him. "They seem like good spirits," she observed; "the mirth and hilarity exhibited by the plumes on a horse, I'll tell you what I believe the trouble with you is, Jack. You have been proposing to Madeline Arnold and she has refused you!"

"If Kendall's ancestors who fought in the Revolution (thus kindly endorsing their descendants to belong to the Order of "Sons") had been less numerous by one, he would have been unable to stand this sudden audacious fire without flinching. But blood will tell, when it is really blood and not simply the colorless sap of hypothetical pedigree trees, and the young man did not turn red at the first danger signal. "What you want to know is, I think, whether you can never be utterly sure of what a woman will do—let her see that you are a good fellow?"

"Yes, I'll do it," exclaimed Hope. "Now be sure you get into the right attitude of mind this time. Take it for granted that you are going to succeed, and that you are worth a good deal yourself, and that a great many people think there is no one like you. Finally, if she refuses you absolutely—I don't think she will, but you can never be utterly sure of what a woman will do—let her see that you are a good fellow?"

"Why," explained Hope, nothing daunted, "it's one of those things that are axiomatic. I can't tell you any reason; I simply know it. The course of true love never did run smooth, and more than that, being a rejected suitor could possibly bring you to the dismal pass I see you in to-day. And when we get that far, the rest is plain sailing; for every one has known for a year and more that your heavenly constellations have risen and set in a certain house two blocks from the park, and that to all other luminaries you were totally eclipsed. She's a lovely girl, Jack. She's my best friend and I am on your side. Now, what made her refuse you?"

"Why, of course," said Kendall, yielding before the superior tactics of the enemy, with something like relief, for, after all, there was a melancholy comfort in talking with a sympathetic and comprehending soul like this. "Why, of course I'm not half good enough for her, and—"

"Well, you knew that before, didn't you?" interrupted Miss Hope, sharply; "and yet you went ahead and asked her just the same. You thought she would give you a different answer. You know you did."

"I hoped—" began Kendall, correctly. "Precisely. You hoped she was not adverse to you, and every one else thought so. I thought so. The course of true love never did run smooth, and more than that, being a rejected suitor could possibly bring you to the dismal pass I see you in to-day. And when we get that far, the rest is plain sailing; for every one has known for a year and more that your heavenly constellations have risen and set in a certain house two blocks from the park, and that to all other luminaries you were totally eclipsed. She's a lovely girl, Jack. She's my best friend and I am on your side. Now, what made her refuse you?"

"Why, of course," said Kendall, yielding before the superior tactics of the enemy, with something like relief, for, after all, there was a melancholy comfort in talking with a sympathetic and comprehending soul like this. "Why, of course I'm not half good enough for her, and—"

"Well, you knew that before, didn't you?" interrupted Miss Hope, sharply; "and yet you went ahead and asked her just the same. You thought she would give you a different answer. You know you did."

"I hoped—" began Kendall, correctly. "Precisely. You hoped she was not adverse to you, and every one else thought so. I thought so. The course of true love never did run smooth, and more than that, being a rejected suitor could possibly bring you to the dismal pass I see you in to-day. And when we get that far, the rest is plain sailing; for every one has known for a year and more that your heavenly constellations have risen and set in a certain house two blocks from the park, and that to all other luminaries you were totally eclipsed. She's a lovely girl, Jack. She's my best friend and I am on your side. Now, what made her refuse you?"

"Why, of course," said Kendall, yielding before the superior tactics of the enemy, with something like relief, for, after all, there was a melancholy comfort in talking with a sympathetic and comprehending soul like this. "Why, of course I'm not half good enough for her, and—"

"Well, you knew that before, didn't you?" interrupted Miss Hope, sharply; "and yet you went ahead and asked her just the same. You thought she would give you a different answer. You know you did."

"If, perhaps, she might not be this creature of fire and soul you depicted. You made her lose her perspective, and then, instead of erecting your own image in corresponding statue proportions, you actually made light of yourself. You were not strong enough; for, don't you see, a woman doesn't want a little or humble person to be the one to whom she gives so much. She wants him to love and revere her, it is true, but he must be head and shoulders above her at the same time. Probably, also, you were nervous and embarrassed and awkward. You ought to have been calm and dignified. Nothing conveys the idea of weakness so much as nervousness; and a woman will forgive anything sooner than weakness. In a word, you should have offered to take her, instead of pleading to be taken by her. Do you see, you were in the wrong part. You were not true to yourself nor to real manhood, and she divined it with that something in her woman's nature which will act as an attracting or repelling force all her life long."

"I believe you are right. Upon my word I do," said her listener rather heavily. "But what is done is done, and nothing can undo it."

"Nothing can undo your bad quarter of an hour, but pluck and energy may give you a good one. What you must do is to go straight back there and begin over again. 'Yes,' added Hope, hastily, seeing the dissent in his face and attitude, "that will introduce such an element of novelty and originality that if she cares for you—mind, I say if she cares—she will be taken off her feet, and you will have it your own way. If she really doesn't care for you, matters will be no worse than they are now. Will you do it?"

Hope spoke eagerly, and the glow and fervor of her enthusiasm produced a corresponding warmth in her companion. He thought for a moment, then said, in the firm, deliberate accents Columbus might have used when he announced his intention of discovering America: "Yes, I'll do it."

"Good!" exclaimed Hope. "Now be sure you get into the right attitude of mind this time. Take it for granted that you are going to succeed, and that you are worth a good deal yourself, and that a great many people think there is no one like you. Finally, if she refuses you absolutely—I don't think she will, but you can never be utterly sure of what a woman will do—let her see that you are a good fellow?"

"Why," explained Hope, nothing daunted, "it's one of those things that are axiomatic. I can't tell you any reason; I simply know it. The course of true love never did run smooth, and more than that, being a rejected suitor could possibly bring you to the dismal pass I see you in to-day. And when we get that far, the rest is plain sailing; for every one has known for a year and more that your heavenly constellations have risen and set in a certain house two blocks from the park, and that to all other luminaries you were totally eclipsed. She's a lovely girl, Jack. She's my best friend and I am on your side. Now, what made her refuse you?"

"Why, of course," said Kendall, yielding before the superior tactics of the enemy, with something like relief, for, after all, there was a melancholy comfort in talking with a sympathetic and comprehending soul like this. "Why, of course I'm not half good enough for her, and—"

ings her! I was a fool for acting so like a cowardly cad before. Any woman would despise it. I guess I'll go right along, Miss Hope. If you don't mind, are you walking my way?"

"No," said Hope, rising with him and adjusting herself to the sudden quick step in the march of events. "I'm going up by the reservoir. Good by, Jack, and good luck to you!" And she smiled and nodded encouragingly at him as they shook hands in parting.

Kendall walked rapidly southward, his head up and his shoulders well back. He had not noticed before how perfect his surroundings were. The exquisite coloring of the wintry sunset sky brought out to full advantage the grace of the tree forms silhouetted against it; the stretches of dull green grass, the little sheets of ice-covered water, the rustic bridges, the lichen-gray rocks, all seemed to smile good cheer at him; the tall apartment buildings below were a face of kindness and substantial comfort; the twin spires of the cathedral further down seemed like encouraging friends, beckoning him on.

All through the park his feelings of hope and confidence amounted almost to conviction that he was walking straight upon success. It was not until, after emerging upon the avenue, he was nearing the fatal cross street that the fever of his haste began slightly to abate; and, as he rounded the corner, his footsteps followed each other in less rapid succession upon the broad flag-stones which seemed in some subtle way to suggest the conventional elegance and impressiveness of their surroundings. Afterwards he remembered that a street-piano across the way had been playing a familiar Italian air; that a lady had been engaged in an ignominious altercation with her ribbon-led pug dog regarding the direction of their promenade; that an awkward and unwieldy horseless carriage with its usual self-conscious occupants had met and passed him; and that he had noticed and been diverted by all these things—such is man's obligation to preserve the least in the presence of the greatest. Truth to tell, however, it was not until he stood face to face with the familiar doors, and had mechanically touched the unassuming but portentous black rubber button that the full realization of his act took possession of him. Then, nothing but his sturdy Revolutionary blood kept him from precipitate flight; but his Revolutionary blood was aided and abetted by the fact that the door was almost instantly opened;

which, which he had long known by heart. He was conscious of a singular lack of equilibrium, both physical and mental, to which his nervousness of the earlier part of the afternoon was a trifling matter; he was annoyed to find that he had an unusual sensation in the region of the bronchial tubes, and to rid himself of it, cleared his throat once or twice in a careless, matter-of-fact way; he tried not to let himself out of that proper attitude of mind, which Hope had said was so important, and kept assuring himself encouragingly that if he could only begin all right he should still through surprising, well, as he had done in the park; to which end he repeated several times the first sentence he had used in his recent rehearsal. Then he began to wonder why she did not come down, and, convinced that he had been waiting an inordinate length of time, a sudden, wild gleam of hope shot across his sky—perhaps she was not at home! He was just pulling himself together at this thought, when the heavy curtains at the door were pushed aside, and she entered.

Kendall went forward to meet her, looking exceedingly dignified and intelligent, and possessed of but one perfectly clear and distinct idea—that he must now begin right.

"Excuse me for coming again, Miss Arnold," he repeated with punctilious preciseness, gazing haughtily at the opposite wall, "but I found on going away I had forgotten something."

"Oh, did you leave something here?" inquired the young lady in a voice, which, not altogether steady, seemed to accord with a certain unusual expression in her eyes. Kendall, for the first time in all their intercourse not noticing her, owing to his sudden absorbing interest in a beautiful evening near him, realized that this was the moment to take the citadel by storm and answered, with all the eloquence he could at the moment command: "Yes—when I got away, I began to think that I—to realize that when I was here—that two hours ago—to feel sure that after all—if you would give me the opportunity and not be too hard on me—in short (with a desperate spurt) 'to determine that I would come back and tell you that I—' his eyes having left the evening had fallen upon a small table across the room; Heaven is said to help those who help themselves, and Kendall's metal had been proved, "that I left my note-book here!" he finished, in triumph, walking to the table and possessing himself of the little leather-bound article of such strategic importance, lying upon it.

"Oh!" said Miss Arnold in a strange tone, drawing a quick, deep breath. "Did you come back for that? I should have sent it to you when it was discovered; but perhaps you needed it at once?"

"Yes, I needed it this afternoon," replied Kendall, feeling a great load off his mind and speaking more easily. "It contains some figures I wished to use at the club, and of course that reminded me of it."

"I am sorry you have been so inconvenienced," she said, somewhat laboriously. "It is a long distance to the club. Isn't it very cold for walking?"

"Better for walking than driving," he should say, he responded, pocketing his note-book and moving towards the door; "I actually pitted those girls in the park. They showed pluck; never a white feather, but they must have been freezing. I have yet to see a physical discomfort that a girl can't face if it is necessary in order to do the correct thing."

"The park?" repeated Madeline. "You surely haven't been to the park, too, in this short time?"

"Oh—" Kendall hesitated; "well, yes; I took that in on my way." Then, having reached the door, and wishing to avoid opportunity for what he would call further "breaks," he turned to say his adieu. Madeline's response was oddly treacherous. "Are you sure," she said in a strained, unnatural manner and with apparent effort, "sure that you haven't anything else to say?"

"Why, I don't think of anything more," said Kendall amiably, in whose breast a great relief at having passed his ordeal had made every other feeling subordinate. "It was awfully stupid of me to forget my note-book, and I am sorry to have troubled you; that's all. I will promise not to do it again, and he turned once more to go."

"Oh," said Madeline, in a voice that was a wall, as she sank despairingly upon a couch and buried her head among the cushions, "then you don't care for me, after all!"

"And do you know, Jack," she was saying to him a quarter of an hour later, when they were both sitting on the couch and she had abandoned the cushions, "five minutes after I had been so horrid to you and you had gone, I was upstairs crying my eyes out, and willing to give worlds to have you back. Only I knew you would never ask me again. And Hope Brewster dropped in, and I was too miserable to fabricate, as I told her all about it. She said she was sure it would turn out all right; but you see I knew you better, and I assured her you would never give me another chance—never. And the facts have proved I was right, for I had to do the second proposing myself, didn't I?"

"And wouldn't you be surprised if you knew it all?" reflected Kendall, as he looked down contentedly into the face of the "dearest girl in the world." "Yes, of course, I am the only one who knows all the sides, and who is not in for surprises."

But he would have been the most surprised of any of them had he at that moment seen at the unfrequented north side of the park reservoir a certain lonely little figure standing; a drooping, girlish figure in a military coat with a turned-up collar, and a sailor hat which had lost its usual jaunty look; for the bright hand was resting dejectedly on the iron reservoir railing, and the girl was weeping as though her heart would break.—New York Post.

PROSTRATED.
Overcome With Heart Disease While on the Street.

Mrs. Wamsley, Wife of Rev. C. E. Wamsley, Seriously Affected—Has been in a Precarious Condition.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Wamsley, wife of Rev. C. E. Wamsley, who lives on West/Sheridan street, Greensburg, Ind., has recently been cured of a very serious case of neuralgia of the heart and nervous prostration. A New Era reporter recently called on Mrs. Wamsley to learn the facts regarding her experience. Mrs. Wamsley said:

"I am forty-three years old, and have had considerable sickness, although I have always been quite well until about six years ago, which was the time my youngest son was born. I began to lose my health then, and until recently never entirely recovered from my sickness of that occasion. I had contracted a severe cold, which eventually induced a serious condition. My heart became affected, and in a short time I was almost completely prostrated. There was continually a gradual sharp pain in the heart, and frequently it was so severe that I would involuntarily give vent to my agony in screams. These pains kept getting worse and caused nervousness. I was confined to my bed, and it was long while before I could get out. For years afterward, for a considerable period at a time, I would be confined to the house, and often to my bed. I could not endure excitement, as I would become painfully nervous, and this would seriously affect my heart. Sudden pains would come on at any time of the day or night. Sometimes these would come on suddenly, causing me to involuntarily scream and fall down. It made no matter where I was, at home or down town, I would become helpless when thus attacked. I could not sleep nights, and my appetite was very poor. What I did eat would not agree with me. I had different physicians, and my husband did everything he could for me. The doctors agreed as to my trouble, saying it was neuralgia of the heart, resulting from nervous prostration, that none of them seemed to be able to do anything for it, except to afford temporary relief. I tried different proprietary medicines said to be good for this disease, but none of them benefited me. Finally I noticed an item in the New Era stating that Mrs. Evans, who lives in the West End, had been cured of a similar trouble by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, so we decided to try them. My husband bought a box, and I began using them. This was last fall. I felt considerably better after taking the first box, and kept on improving with the second. I told my husband to buy a third box, and two boxes helped me so much, six boxes would certainly cure me. So he bought six boxes, and I used them strictly according to directions, determined to give them a fair trial. I improved gradually as I continued taking the medicine. When I had finished seven boxes I felt perfectly well, but I kept on till I used all of the eighth box, when I felt that it was useless to take them any longer, as the doctor said I was permanently cured. I used the last about three months ago, and I am perfectly well and in an good health today as ever. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did a wonderful good for me, relieving me of no doubt a lifetime of sickness and sorrow, and I can cheerfully recommend them."

In confirmation of this strange story Mrs. Wamsley furnished the following affidavit:

"I wish to certify that the foregoing testimonial is an exact statement of my case and experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

MRS. C. E. WAMSELEY, State of Indiana, Decatur County, ss. Personally appeared before me, John P. Russell, a notary public in and for the county of Decatur, state of Indiana, Mrs. C. E. Wamsley, who acknowledged the above to be a true statement of her case by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 14th day of July, 1897.

JOHN P. RUSSELL, Notary Public.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females.

1—"Miss Nellie will be down in a moment. Thanks."

2—"What a dainty little basket of flowers!"

3—"I can't understand why the flowers are fastened in the basket."

4—"I'm afraid I've ruined your basket of flowers. Why, it was my own bouquet."